







# DOES HEART RIGHT?

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

Salutation to Jehonadab From the Chronic.

They pursued him. They shouted him in the face. They mocked him. When he groined they groined. They shook their fists at him. They spit on him. They bounded him as though he were a wild beast. His hearting of the sick, his right-giving to the blind, his mercy to the out-cast, his prayer and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration. Away with him! Away with him!

Alas! it was not merely the two pious of wood that he carried; it was the transgression of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. He wended his back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. He wondered that he crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding sheets as he cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There he hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the pain? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a crime! On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have been pardoned? I believe it. O, the ransom has been paid! Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when he brought them together again they might embrace the world. O, that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord!

O, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! O, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak his praise! But what were earthly flowers to him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of Heaven! What were arches of earthly masonry to him who hath about his throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine? What were earthly music to him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and the cherubim, and seraphim, and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilation—the hosannah of a redeemed earth, the hallelujah of heaven, the glory song after song rising about the throne of God, and of the Lamb. In that pure, high place, let him hear us. Stoop harps of heaven, that our poor cry may be heard.

O, my Lord Jesus! it will not hurt thee to stoop down to meet him from the shining throne. Thou wilt make it all in all when Thou stoest back again. Come hither, O Blessed One, that woman kneels Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou stoest back, tell it to all the spirits that the lost are found, and let Thy Father's house ring with the music and the dance. They have some old wine in heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In the world, those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine press alone. When such grievous sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlains of heaven cry out to the servants: "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let the white-robed guests drink to the immortal health of those new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, and God grant that that one may be you!

Again, in order to have a right heart it must be a forgiving heart. An old writer says: "To render good for evil is God-like; good for good is man-like; evil for good is devil-like." Whence have we learned? We have learned nothing to do with us as long as we keep any old grudge. We have all been cheated and lied about. There are people who dislike us so much that if we should come down to poverty and disgrace, they would say, "Good for him! Didn't I tell you so?" They never have understood us, and never will. They do not understand us. Unsanctified human nature says, "Wait till you get a good crack at him, and when at last you find him in a tight place, give it to him. Play him alive. He quarrels. Leave him a rag of reputation, and jump on him with both feet. Pay him up his own coin—sarcasm for sarcasm, scorn for scorn, abuse for abuse. But, my friends, that is not the right kind of heart. No man ever did a mess a thing toward us as we have done toward God. And if we can not forgive others, how can we expect God to forgive us? Thousands of men have been kept out of Heaven by an unforgiving heart.

Here is some one who says: "I will forgive the man who wronged me. I will forgive that man who asked me in a bargain; I will forgive that man who sold me a shoddy; I will forgive that man who gave me all but one. That man has not forgiven. The villain—I can head him off my hands off of him. If my going to heaven depends on my forgiving him, then I will stay out." Wrong feeling! It may be to me once I am not called to trust him again. If a man betrays me once I am not called to put confidence in him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere prayer for the temporal and everlasting welfare of all men, whatever unkindness and outrage they have in fact committed. If you want to get your heart right, first have a match with your own grudge and blow the ashes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses." An old Christian back woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket, and stood there expecting to hear her scold frantically; but she stooped down and changed position, and comes behind to catch them, and we will not go.

They pursued him. They shouted him in the face. They mocked him. When he groined they groined. They shook their fists at him. They spit on him. They bounded him as though he were a wild beast. His hearting of the sick, his right-giving to the blind, his mercy to the out-cast, his prayer and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration. Away with him! Away with him!

Alas! it was not merely the two pious of wood that he carried; it was the transgression of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. He wended his back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. He wondered that he crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding sheets as he cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There he hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the pain? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a crime! On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have been pardoned? I believe it. O, the ransom has been paid! Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when he brought them together again they might embrace the world. O, that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord!

O, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! O, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak his praise! But what were earthly flowers to him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of Heaven! What were arches of earthly masonry to him who hath about his throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine? What were earthly music to him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and the cherubim, and seraphim, and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilation—the hosannah of a redeemed earth, the hallelujah of heaven, the glory song after song rising about the throne of God, and of the Lamb. In that pure, high place, let him hear us. Stoop harps of heaven, that our poor cry may be heard.

O, my Lord Jesus! it will not hurt thee to stoop down to meet him from the shining throne. Thou wilt make it all in all when Thou stoest back again. Come hither, O Blessed One, that woman kneels Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou stoest back, tell it to all the spirits that the lost are found, and let Thy Father's house ring with the music and the dance. They have some old wine in heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In the world, those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine press alone. When such grievous sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlains of heaven cry out to the servants: "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let the white-robed guests drink to the immortal health of those new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, and God grant that that one may be you!

Again, in order to have a right heart it must be a forgiving heart. An old writer says: "To render good for evil is God-like; good for good is man-like; evil for good is devil-like." Whence have we learned? We have learned nothing to do with us as long as we keep any old grudge. We have all been cheated and lied about. There are people who dislike us so much that if we should come down to poverty and disgrace, they would say, "Good for him! Didn't I tell you so?" They never have understood us, and never will. They do not understand us. Unsanctified human nature says, "Wait till you get a good crack at him, and when at last you find him in a tight place, give it to him. Play him alive. He quarrels. Leave him a rag of reputation, and jump on him with both feet. Pay him up his own coin—sarcasm for sarcasm, scorn for scorn, abuse for abuse. But, my friends, that is not the right kind of heart. No man ever did a mess a thing toward us as we have done toward God. And if we can not forgive others, how can we expect God to forgive us? Thousands of men have been kept out of Heaven by an unforgiving heart.

Here is some one who says: "I will forgive the man who wronged me. I will forgive that man who asked me in a bargain; I will forgive that man who sold me a shoddy; I will forgive that man who gave me all but one. That man has not forgiven. The villain—I can head him off my hands off of him. If my going to heaven depends on my forgiving him, then I will stay out." Wrong feeling! It may be to me once I am not called to trust him again. If a man betrays me once I am not called to put confidence in him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere prayer for the temporal and everlasting welfare of all men, whatever unkindness and outrage they have in fact committed. If you want to get your heart right, first have a match with your own grudge and blow the ashes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses." An old Christian back woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket, and stood there expecting to hear her scold frantically; but she stooped down and changed position, and comes behind to catch them, and we will not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated, when it says that we are poor and wicked, and miserable, and in a state of rebellion. The Scripture that stands over our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual food. Blind, why, the man whose eyes were opened in the tower of Babel, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way down street to street, and a not such other darkness as we. Naked, why, there is nothing of holiness left to hide the shame of our nakedness, why, the hypocrisy

## Try F. Nation & Co

FOR BARCAINS!  
TRY CHEAPSIDE  
FOR VALUES!

Try THE LARGEST STORE  
IN BRANDON  
FOR - STYLISH - FRESH - GOODS!

\$40,000.00 worth of new and seasonable Goods to select from in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

Silks, Velvets, Cloths, Mantles,  
Shawls, Furs, Blankets.

Ready-made Clothing, Overcoats, Fur Goods, Woolens, Underwear, Mitts, Robes, etc., etc.,

A pleasure to show Good Goods, Good Values.

OUR AIM,  
Large Sales & Small Profits,  
AND MOTTO.

Everyone Treated Well.

City Customers please come in the morning if possible and avoid the afternoon rush at CHEAPSIDE.

F. NATION & Co.,  
Cheapside, Corner Rosser Av. & 8th Street, Brandon.

## ROSE & CO., Rosser Av., Brandon, MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS.

Ask for our Specialties!

LAVANDER WATER, A Rue Toilet Perfume.  
WINTER BALM, For Chapped Hands, etc.  
POWELL'S BALSAM, For Coughs and Colds.  
TOOTH POWDER, None Equal.  
QUININE WINE, An Excellent Tonic.  
CONDITION POWDERS, The Best Made.

A large consignment of Lubine's, Atkinson's and Ricksecker's Perfume just received.  
Pure Drugs at Low Prices. Prescriptions care fully prepared. Night Bell.

## HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT  
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.  
For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds.  
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and old joints it acts like a charm.  
Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,  
78, NEW OXFORD STREET (into 54) OXFORD STREET, LONDON.  
And are sold by all the Chemists, Druggists, and Grocers, and by the Post, and may be ordered from any of the above.  
25d. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford St., London, they are spurious.

## Woodley, Neumeyer & Peares, LATE BRANDON BREWING COMPANY. SPRING BREWERY, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

Brewers of the Celebrated India Pale Ale, Imperial Stout, Noted XX Porter, in Cask & Bottles.  
Also HARVEST BEER, at Rock Bottom Prices











## FARMERS ATTENTION!

**WILSON & CO**  
DEALERS IN  
**Hardware**  
**STOVES**  
AND  
**TINWARE.**  
CORNER 7th and  
ROSSER AVENUE



**A Permanent Cure.** † **A Pleasant Cure.**

***SANTA CLAUS.***







# BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

## At the Golden Lion.

Bargains in Men's Suits.  
Bargains in Youth's Suits.  
Bargains in Boy's Suits.  
Bargains in Fur Caps.  
Bargains in Underwear, Men's, Boy's and Youth's.

Bargains in Fur Coats.  
Bargains in Mitts.  
Bargains in Socks.  
Bargains in Ties and & Collars.  
Bargains in everything in Gent's wear.

No Old Lion Prices but Prices that cannot fail to suit purchasers.

These Goods were bought at a very low rate on the Dollar, and

### WILL BE SOLD AT BANKRUPT PRICES!

So make no mistake but come and get **BARGAINS** as the Goods must be sold, bring what they will.

## T. T. ATKINSON,

### BRANDON.



#### OXFORD & NEW GLASGOW RAILWAY SECTIONS.

1st. Birch Hill Road to Pugwash Junction 10 miles.  
2nd. Pugwash Junction to Pugwash 5 miles.  
3rd. Pugwash Junction to Wallace Station 7 miles.  
4th. Wallace Station to Mingo Road 17 miles.

Tenders for Grading, Bridge and Culvert Masonry, Fencing, &c.

SEALLED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Friday, the 10th day of November, 1887, for the grading, bridging and culvert masonry, fencing, &c. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway at Wallace, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 10th day of November, 1887, where the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application. No tender will be entertained unless it is in accordance with the printed forms, and all conditions are complied with. This Department does not hold itself to accept the lowest of any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,  
Ottawa, 26th October, 1887.

#### Read. Read.

16 MONTHS FOR \$1.00

THE NORTH WEST FARMER will be mailed to my address from Sept. 1, 1887, to Dec. 31st, 1888, for the regular yearly subscription price, ONE DOLLAR. All present subscribers whose notices will be mailed to the same date. New subscribers will receive in addition either of these beautiful premium postcards (12 x 5 inches) "The Home Farm" or the "Country House." "Coming from the Fair." The "Farmer" is the only Agricultural and Stock Breeding Journal published in the Canadian North-west. It is a handsome 16 page monthly, and is a thoroughly practical farmer's paper. The publishers are desirous of placing it in every home in Manitoba and the Northwest and it is earnestly hoped that the farming community will give it that support which its worth and its merits amply deserve. Price \$1.00 in registered letters and address.

North West Farmer, Winnipeg, Man.  
A. B. October subscribers will get paper 16 months.  
November 12 months.  
December 14 months.

#### FOR SALE.

12 in. Black Ox, most suited for street cleaning.  
Apply to  
WM. GIVIN.  
Winnipeg, Nov. 2, 1887.

#### Horse Found.

CAUTION: The enclosure of the undersigned, no. 10, 11, 12, etc. at about the 28th of October, an English Horse, about 14 hands high.  
The owner is prepared to pay expenses and take the horse.

JOHN EMPEY,  
Brandon, P. M., Nov. 2, 1887.

### To Housekeepers!

#### DO YOU WANT

Heating Stoves,  
Cooking Stoves,  
Parlor Cook Stoves,  
Drum Stoves,

ALL STYLES.

Stove Pipes, Elbows, Coal Hods,  
STOVE BOARDS, &c.

GO TO

### DAVID PHILIP'S

CORNER OF 7TH STREET & ROSSER AVENUE, BRANDON.

He has a large stock to select from and at such bottom prices.

### Rosser Avenue, Brandon.

For First Prize

### BOOTS

AND

### SHOES

SEE

### Flummerfi & Powers

SHOW WINDOW.

Between 9th & 10th Streets.

### Hurrah for the North West Central!

GOING TO BE BUILT!

AND SO IS

## T. T. ATKINSON

—SELLING—

## Boots & Shoes

At Prices as Low as Ever.

I am daily receiving Goods in this line, and will be able to supply you with the best of the

Best Stocks West of Winnipeg

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT

Prices as Low as Toronto!

I BUY FOR CASH,

and consequently can give you the lowest prices.

T. T. ATKINSON, - Rosser Avenue, BRANDON

### \$1000 REWARD

For unscrupulous dealers who sell an inferior Oil and adulterated Lardine

USE NONE BUT

### McCOLL'S LARDINE OIL

For your Machinery. It has no equal. Will not gum, equal sweet oil and also Challenge, Eureka and Amber, Heavy Engine Lard Oil, Bolt Cutting, Harness Oil and Axle Grease. ALWAYS IN STOCK.

McColl Bros. Manufacturers of Lardine Oil

FOR SALE BY  
**JOHNSON & CO. and WILSON & CO.**  
BRANDON, MAN.